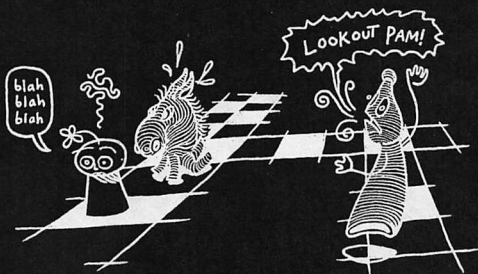


# Poush Comics

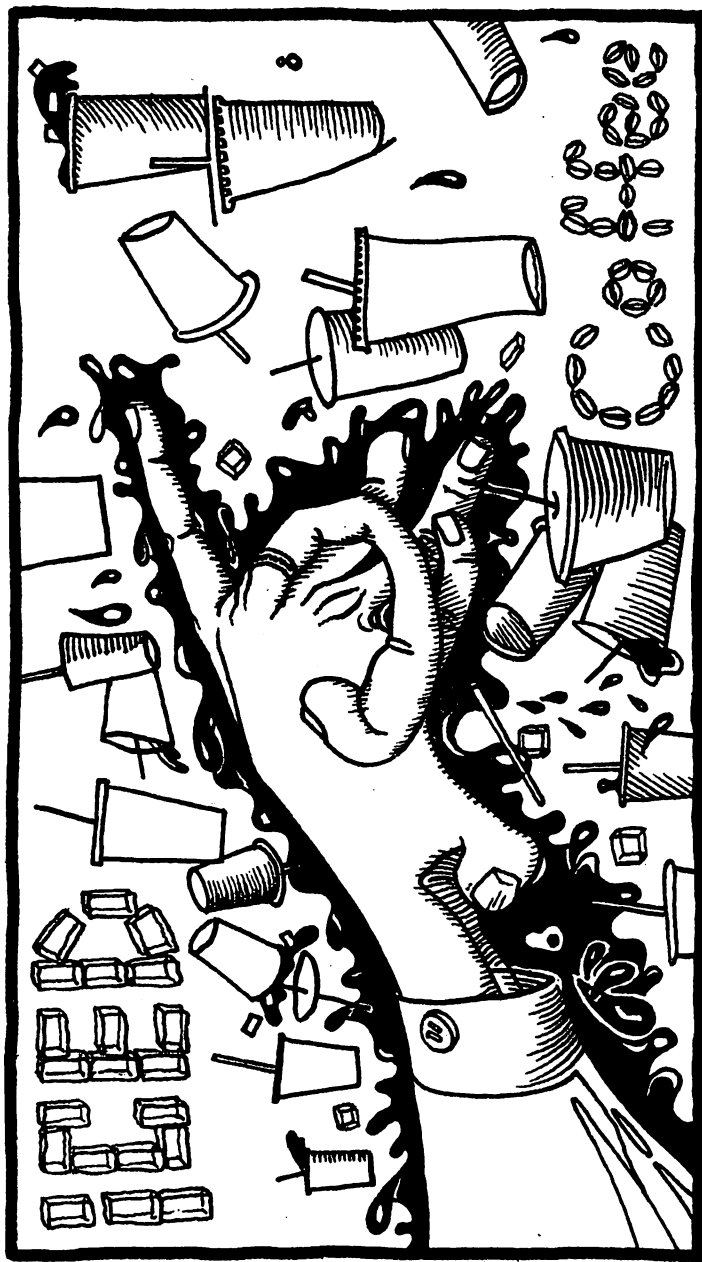


Issue 13

The date is January 22, 2544

This issue is the first long story since issues 1 and 2

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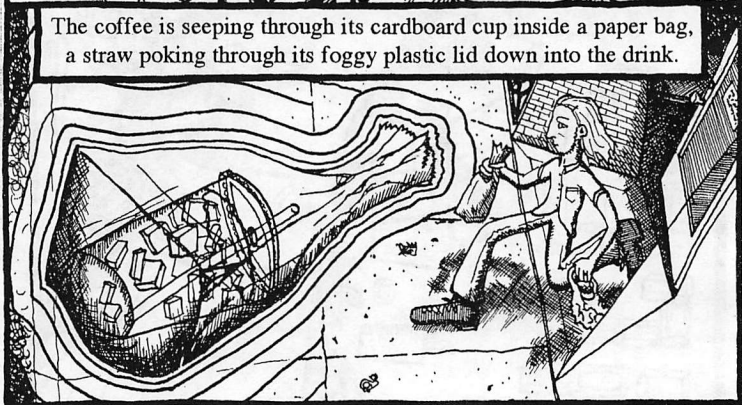




Arriving back at the restaurant after the final delivery, I get a yell from my boss to go home, my time is up, but on my way I must take the iced coffee which she forgot and I forgot to deliver on the last order.



The coffee is seeping through its cardboard cup inside a paper bag, a straw poking through its foggy plastic lid down into the drink.



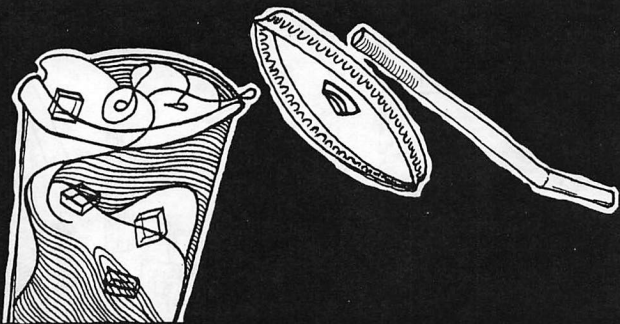
I rush out onto the street, sprinting.



As I pass a busy corner, a van takes a close turn and brushes my shoulder and back, almost knocking me down.



The coffee lurches upwards as if of a mind, just enough to knock loose the thin cover, but it doesn't spill.



With legs flashing past one another, I crease the lid back on and continue into the ever worsening rain.



Parched by the blasting sun, I stop one block from my destination and drink the iced coffee down in a few swallows.



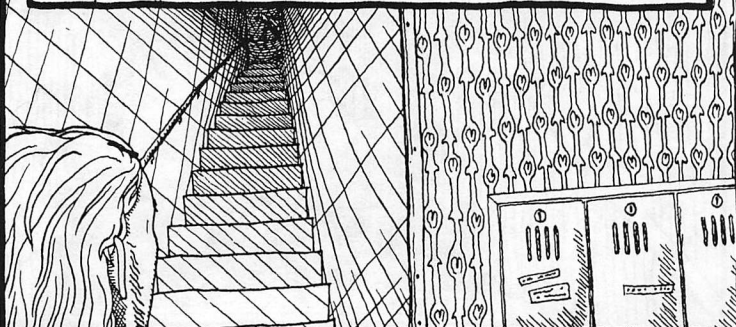
Will my boss call the customer and check on my redelivery or will the customer phone her to clear up my delay or will I just be missed?



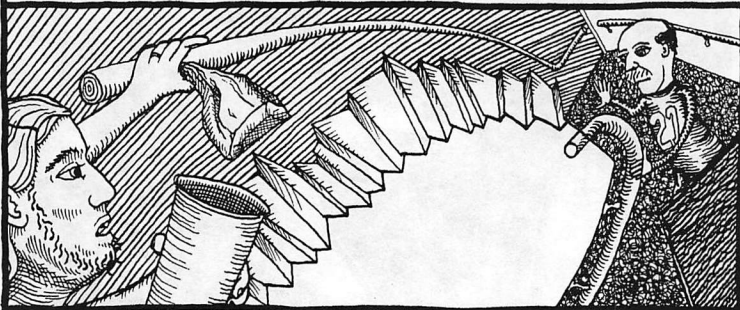
I go to the house and twist the small crank on the doorway below the peephole. After a long wait, a buzzing sound has me push open the door.



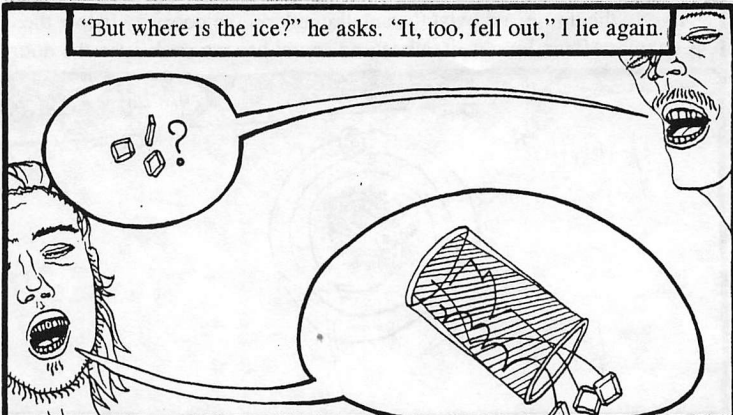
A man waits at the top of a long staircase, half in the dark at the end of a short turn. "Yes?" he says. "I thought I'd tell you," I answer,



"that I forgot your iced coffee and, on returning here with it, was struck by a mysterious white van and relieved of the duty of carrying your drink. As a result, the wet street was wetted further by coffee. Here is your cup."



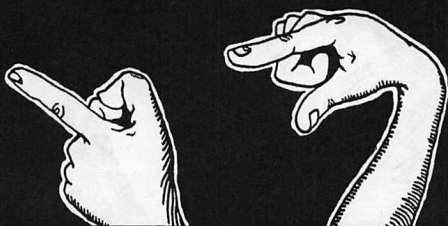
"But where is the ice?" he asks. "It, too, fell out," I lie again.



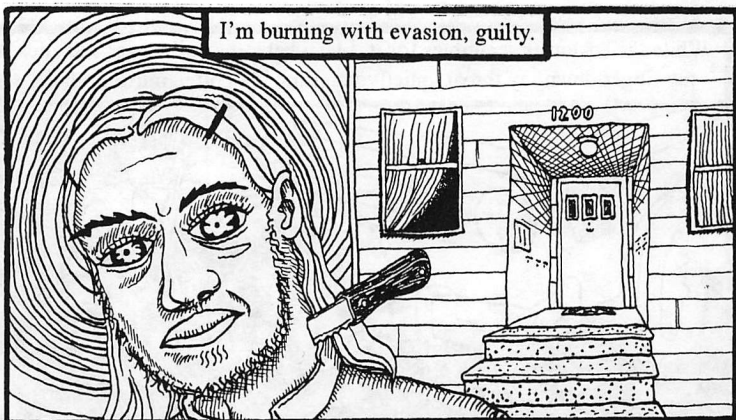
"Well, let me get my shoes on--you'll have to take me to the scene," he casts over his shoulder, growing grayer down the hallway.



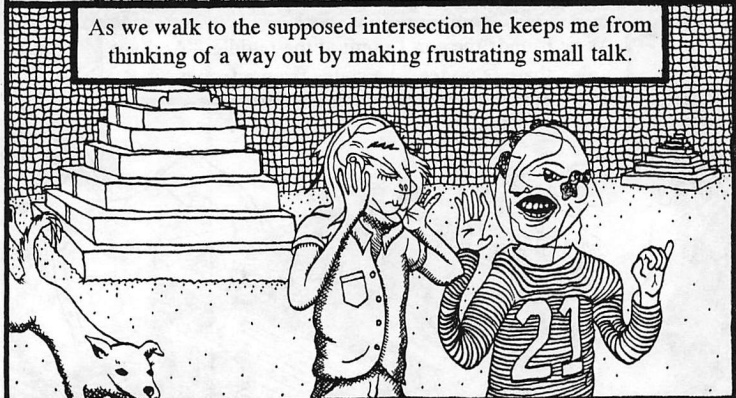
"Alright," I shout, "I'll be out front."



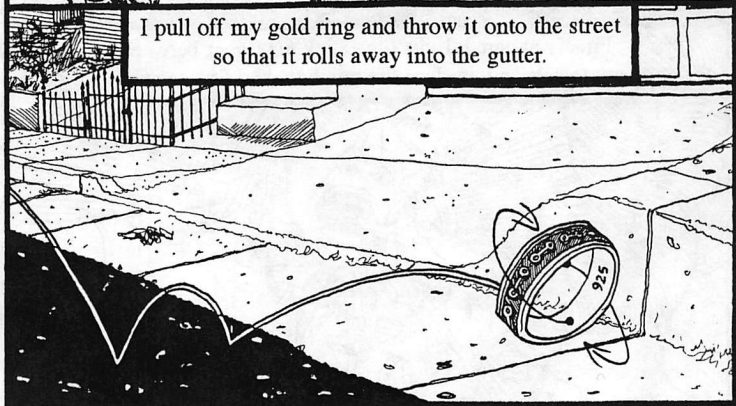
I'm burning with evasion, guilty.



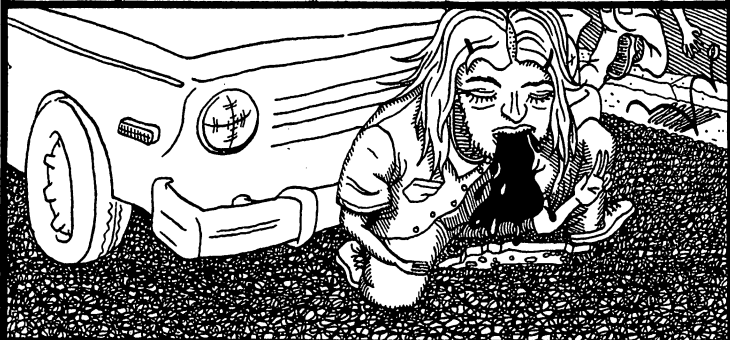
As we walk to the supposed intersection he keeps me from thinking of a way out by making frustrating small talk.



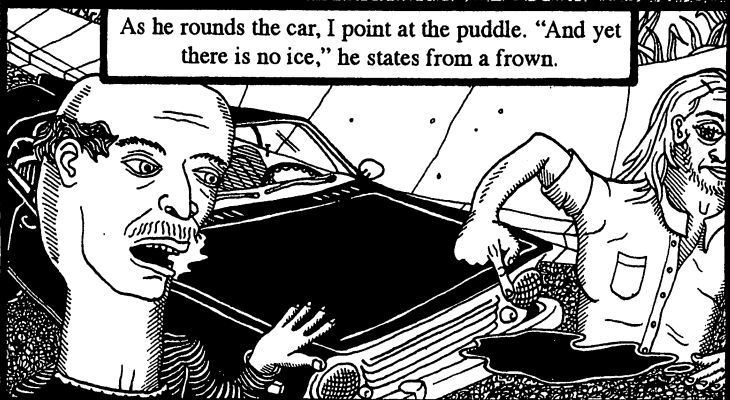
I pull off my gold ring and throw it onto the street so that it rolls away into the gutter.



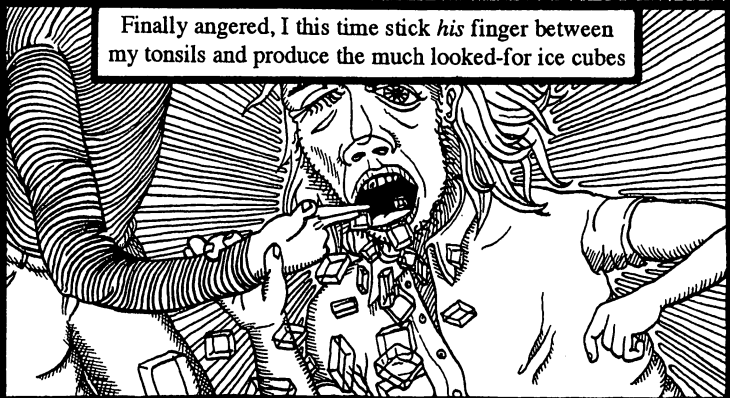
While the customer scrambles for it, I lean behind a parked car and stick my finger down my throat, quietly vomiting the coffee into a pothole.



As he rounds the car, I point at the puddle. "And yet there is no ice," he states from a frown.



Finally angered, I this time stick *his* finger between my tonsils and produce the much looked-for ice cubes



Thanks to  
Jean Kyung Kang  
For getting me started  
Back in 1996  
When we met

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